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# Puck



TRUE HARMONY.

GOVERNOR ODELL AND THE CHAIRMAN AGREE UPON A SUCCESSOR.



## PUCK

Edited by JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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M R. Root's positive withdrawal from the Gubernatorial race leaves the distinction of carrying the State of New York for President Roosevelt to some other Republican of eminence. We are sorry that we cannot say of equal eminence, for Mr. Root as a Statesman towers head and shoulders above any other figure now in sight on his side of the political fence, and it would be a good thing for the country if his party hereabouts had more like him. The contest now having become an open one becomes the more interesting. The drift of opinion appears to be that it is tapering down to the Apostle of the Strenuous Waistcoat, Mr. Timothy D. Woodruff of Brooklyn, although the harmony that has at last been brought about in the relations between State Chairman Odell and the present incumbent of the Governorship indicates that Mr. Odell, Jr., of Newburgh, has a strong following. If, as is alleged, he has the loyal and enthusiastic support of these two high officials, it is evident that the pretensions of Mr. Odell, Jr., of Newburgh are not to be sneezed at. Another name prominently mentioned for the candidacy is that of President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University, but it is not clear that this is by permission of Mr. Butler himself, and PUCK hopes that his boom will not be permitted to go much further.

Presidents of Columbia have had political aspirations before this and in the few instances where their hopes have been gratified, it has resulted in the putting of their great careers where Little Bo-peep's Lambs carried their tails. Mr. Butler is one of the fairest products of American citizenship and scholarship and in his present position is one of the most gratifying exhibits in the great Fair of Life. He is too good a man to be tempted away from his life-work by the temporary allurements of a political career, more especially at a time when the exigencies of a "continuous policy" foreshadow the permanent exclusion of himself and everybody else save Theodore Roosevelt from the White House as a place of residence. From one point of view the nomination of Mr. Woodruff is to be commended. We know from experience that the gentleman will not be happy till he gets it, and that he will neither rest nor let others rest until he has had his chance at defeat is clear. Therefore, in the interest of future campaigns, as the first step toward the elimination of the Strenuous Waistcoat from Public Life, and as the final step in the sequestration of the Candidate à la Newburgh, by all means let it be Tim.

\* \* \*

AS AN answer to the pronunciamento from the Theodhof that John Hay is to be retained as Chancellor of the Empire under Theodore I., the Hon. David B. Hill has committed political hari-kari for the good of his party, in order to remove all suspicion that in the last days of the Republic he is to be placed at the head of the Department of State. PUCK is sincerely glad of this voluntary act on the part of the noble Roman of Albany since it relieves him of the unpleasant necessity of offering to present Mr. Hill with a sword for the purpose of committing this precise crime. It has been evident for some little time past that David B. was one of the Hills insurmountable in the pathway of Alton B. Parker to the White House. He has been variously dubbed an Old Man of the Sea, the Very Still Very Small Voice of the Parker conscience, the Anchor

to Leeward, the Simon Legree of the Uncle Tom of Esopus and all that. His virtues—which by the way are not so few as his enemies would have us believe—have been wholly ignored and in the popular imagination the figure of a massive peanut about to descend with

overwhelming force upon a happy people dwelling in its shadow has loomed large as the embodiment of his personality. It has been the Ex-Senator's misfortune unconsciously to have contributed to this popular impression of himself in almost every one of his conspicuous public acts since he entered the United States Senate some years ago. His insistence has been always upon his less admirable side,—to so great an

extent indeed that even those who venture to be friendly toward his claims to Statesmanship are cast under suspicion. His voluntary removal of himself from public life is a most becoming act and is likely to prove a great relief to those who have had their fears not as to the safety and sanity of Mr. Parker, but as to the sanity and safety of the influences by which he is surrounded. Our only regret is that Mr. Hill's exit is to be delayed until January 1st, 1905. September and October are the most beautiful months of the year for recreation, and we see no good reason why a man who has so richly earned retirement as he, should not begin his proposed vacation at once.

\* \* \*

**I**F THERE were such a thing as flattery among politicians Mr. Hill's recent move would be of even greater value to his party than that which his own elimination involves. A desire to compliment him by imitation in the breasts of Mr. Pat McCarren of Brooklyn and Mr. Charles F. Murphy of Fourteenth Street, New York, would remove from the wheels of the Parker Chariot the last remaining obstacles to hope of the highest order. We fear, however, that this is too much to expect. Neither of the two gentlemen named is given to the sacrifice of self for the good of anybody, and unless somebody provides himself with a crowbar and pries them out of the Democratic crew, it is likely they both will remain where they are until doom itself cracks, rocking the boat, hurling epithets at one another, mindful rather of their private quarrel than of the public issue at stake, and in every other possible way causing apprehension. PUCK is not in the confidence of the Democratic managers, but he is just impudent enough to offer the disinterested advice to Captain Parker and First-Mate Taggart of the Good Ship Democracy that the time is ripe for an exhibition of plank-walking, with Mr. McCarren in the lead and Mr. Murphy a close second. A mighty splash in the sea of oblivion for these two worthies would improve the situation materially. After his ducking Mr. Murphy might be worth saving, but Mr. McCarren once overboard should be left to the denizens of the deep to reside with them permanently in their impenetrable dives.



**M**R. SECRETARY TAFT made a most excellent Judge, a capable and effective civil Governor of the Philippines, and still makes an admirable Secretary of War, but as a portrait painter we do not think he is a success. His sketch of President Roosevelt, for instance, in his Montpelier address, while it is bold in conception, daring in color, and faultless in technique, lacks the saving virtue of originality. We honestly think Mr. Taft owes an apology to Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who many years ago first drew for us the charming personality of Little Lord Fauntleroy which the Secretary has merely adapted to his own and the Emperor's present political needs.

\* \* \*

**W**E MUST admit that we are not surprised that our brothers across the Canadian border view with disfavor the proposed appointment of Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, to be Governess-General of the Dominion. The resentment of Ireland itself over the domination of Downing Street in its local affairs is not more natural than that of a loyal Canadian's objection to taking orders from Newport, Rhode Island. In this case PUCK is distinctly "agin" the government.



# The Adventure of the Diamond Dog Collar.



IT WAS a rainy, muggy night in August, and Sherlock Holmes, who was, as usual, inhabiting my modest apartments — his only home — was collaborating with me on a sketch called "Nothing Doing." Business in our line was frightfully dull. For nearly a week no one had been murdered under other than common-place circumstances, no cryptograms had turned up, and the only crime of any human interest — the attempt to compel Henry Gassaway Davis to spend something — had been tracked down by a cheap and chipper Pinkerton sleuth.

Dissatisfaction with this dull state of affairs was general, and I felt certain that Holmes himself was bored stiff.

If he was he made no sign. He stood by the window, drumming on the rain-splashed pane with his long, lean fingers, and gazing at the bedraggled pavement. His pale, thin face was paler and thinner than common, and his thoughtful expression unusually thoughtful.

"Holmes," I said, breaking a two hours' silence, "what are you brooding on?"

"Watson, you are an egregious ass," he replied. "Have the unequalled advantages you have enjoyed for studying my marvellous deductosity taught you nothing? One does not brood in a standing posture. Observe the hen."

"Holmes, you grow more wonderful every day," I exclaimed, and would have said more, but he stopped me with an imperious gesture.

"We have a visitor," he said; and stepping to the door he flung it open.

A woman, veiled, bonneted and gowned in black, entered.

"Mr. Holmes," she began timidly.

"Enough," he interrupted. "I know all. Your aged aunt has been murdered in her bed, and the only clew to the assassin is a blood-stained featherduster from which one plume is missing."

"Dear me!" exclaimed our visitor, plainly interested. "I was not aware of this distressing accident. I will give it my earliest attention. But I came to see you on quite another matter."

"Ha! I knew it!" said Holmes, with a smile of triumph.

"My favorite mastiff, Fifi, has lost her diamond collar," said the lady.

"Good God, Holmes!" I burst out, but he checked me with an angry glance.

"My name is Munn," continued our visitor — "Mrs. G. Watt Munn — you may have heard of us. My husband owns the south side of Wall street."

"Pray continue," said Holmes, bowing coldly.

"On June 21," she went on, "I left New York for Newport, taking with me my jewel case. About the middle of July my Fifi was invited to a dog luncheon, and I went to my jewel case for the diamond collar. It was missing."

"Have you breathed a word of this before to-night?" demanded Holmes, with dilating nostrils.

"Not a word — except to put two hundred Pinkerton men on the case."

"Dolts! Asses!" roared Holmes.

"That was simply a blind," the lady hastened to explain. "Of course I do not expect them to discover anything. I rely upon you for that."

"Is that all?" asked Holmes, slightly mollified.

"All," she replied.

"Good evening, madame," said the Eighth Wonder of the World, and conducted her to the door.

During the next three days following Holmes gave his incomparable mind wholly to the mystery of the diamond dog collar. A map of Manchuria was spread before him, and at his elbow was a time-table of the Marietta, Hocking & Northern Railway. These he studied alternately. His meals I brought to him.

At the end of the third day he tore up the time-table and threw the map out of the window, and began pacing the room with long strides.

"Watson," he exclaimed, shaking his lean fist in my face, "I need not

tell you, who are familiar with my methods, that the crime was not committed by a Senegambian slave with a wen on his left ear. Employing this as the starting point of a process of elimination, I have arrived at the conclusion that the guilty wretch is the son of the Mikado, who is in this country in disguise, probably that of a second trombone. I leave for Newport at once."

Before I could answer he was gone, and I saw nothing of him for two days. At the expiration of that period he returned, and I observed at a glance that matters had not gone smoothly. He resumed his study of the map of Manchuria, which I had rescued, and his brow resembled a wash-board.

"Holmes," I said, when the silence had passed the two-hour limit, "have you asked the dog?"

He sprang to his feet. "Watson!" he cried, "there are times when you betray almost human intelligence. No; I have not asked the dog. But I will!"

He vanished again, but was back in an hour.

"Foiled!" he hissed, his strong face working with the rage of a Mount Vernon commuter. "Foiled! President Mellen, to cut down expenses, has taken off every train on the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railway! A blank time-table will be issued to-morrow!"

I reached for the prussic acid, but Holmes laid a hand on my arm.

"Not yet!" he whispered hoarsely.

It was the darkest hour before the dawn. President Mellen, bowing to the will of the common commuting people, put on a mixed train, the "Sixteenth Century Limited," and among its passengers were Holmes and myself. Arriving at Newport we found the air and scenery perfect, and took service in Mrs. Munn's superb kennels, counting dog biscuits.

Meanwhile the mystery of the diamond dog collar had become the talk of all the civilized world. Interest in the Russo-Jappo war fell off. Politics languished. The stock market ticked feebly. The police of two continents were busy on the case, and all agreed that the robbery was not the work of a professional, but "inside" work. Sherlock Holmes smiled grimly, with a sharp indrawing of the breath.

At the end of another week, when the monotony of counting dog biscuits was beginning to get on my nerves, Holmes, who was working beside me, suddenly clutched my arm and pointed to a wiry-looking, undersized man in livery who was crossing the lawn towards us with a rope of black pearls in his hand.

"Have you noticed Fifi's valet?" he asked. I had not.

"He does not use pocket handkerchiefs!"

"Great heavens!" I murmured. "The son of the Mikado!"

"Silence!" commanded Holmes. "If he plays trombone the case against him is clear. We shall see. The lemon test's the thing!"

Whereupon Holmes took a lemon from his pocket, and approaching the suspected Jap, began to suck violently at it.

"G'wan wid yez!" said the dog valet. "Phwat the divvle nills ye?"

Before he could utter another syllable Holmes was upon him like a tiger, and like a tiger bore him off, limp and lifeless, to the drawing-room of the Munn mansion. Here he touched a bell, and despatched a servant with a note to Inspector McCluskey, who was at that hour in Newport.

"Inspector," said my remarkable friend, when the police official appeared, "take your prisoner and keep my name out of the case."

The Inspector murmured his gratitude, and as Holmes and I left the house, followed by McCluskey and the unfortunate valet, a carriage drew up, and Mrs. Munn, in a traveling gown, alighted.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, glancing at the quartet, "what has Patrick been doing?"

The Inspector explained, and Mrs. Munn's face brightened.

"It's a mistake — a very unfortunate mistake," she said, hurriedly. "I have just come from New York, where I found Fifi's diamond collar just where I left it, in my safe. Wasn't it strange?"

"Come, Watson," said Holmes, with an enigmatic smile. "Our task is finished."

Bert Leston Taylor



## PUCK

### WHIST FIENDS UP IN ARMS.

THE WHIST service on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway is in such wretched state that the whist-playing commuters threaten to surrender their commutation and patronize the trolley.



President Mellen has ignored the demands of Mount Vernon patrons, that smoking cars be fitted with side doors, so that Mount Vernon members of the Concatenated Order of Table Bangers, who have little enough time as it is, may play until the train begins to pull out and debark instantly. Under present conditions a full minute is wasted in struggling to the end exits.

The Port Chester Sneak Lead Association has declared in mass-meeting that the brakeman's charge of twenty cents for the use of the cards is exorbitant; while from Larchmont comes complaint that frequently a deck is a card or two short, and that precious time is lost before the brakeman fetches another deck.

New Rochelle is also up in arms. The use of soft coal smudges the whist boards and gums the cards, and President Mellen has been warned that unless the nuisance is abated the railway corporation will be proceeded against under the ordinance forbidding the use of brake-shoes not equipped with rubber heels.

The Concatenated Order of Table Bangers means business. Let President Mellen beware.

### A HISTORICAL QUESTION.

I KEY.—Fader, vos it der Dutch vot bought Manhattan Island for dvendy-four dollars?

HIS FATHER.—It vos.

I KEY.—How vos it der Hebrews missed such a pargain?

APPARENTLY ONE may believe in the brotherhood of man and yet be ready to hold up one's end in the event of a family scrap.

WHICHEVER OF two suitors a girl chooses, when she has chosen, both thereafter seem to be doing all they can to make her regret her choice.



L.



II.



III.



IV.



V.



VI.



VII.



VIII.



### A SINE QUA NON.

"Poor thing! Does it ever get the colic?"

"Is that all you know about babies? Of course it gets the colic."

### SUCCESS.

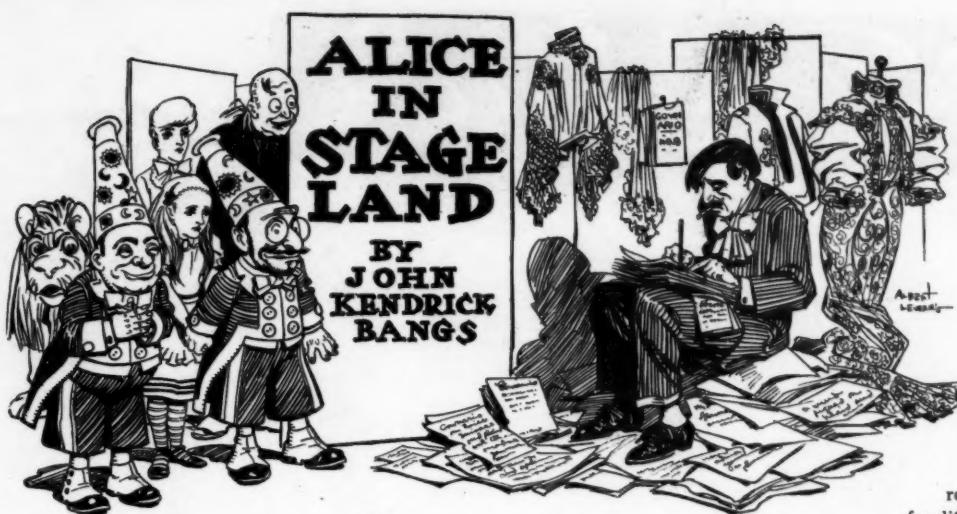
WITH GREAT care and much labor a caterpillar climbed up a tall spear of grass. When he reached the top, he stood on his hind end and waved his front end in the air.

"Just as I feared," said he. "Success does not bring happiness."

But then he turned and climbed down, for the caterpillars are wiser than men.

SOME PEOPLE seem to live in a constant state of expecting the unexpected.

**B**efore accepting you at your own estimate the world makes a generous allowance for shrinkage.



XI.  
ALICE IS FITTED.

IT WAS a mournful ride from Lyrichurst-by-the-Sea to the Role and Dud Emporium of Fitch, Osbin & Company. Alice was filled with apprehension and her fears had a visible effect upon the Scarecrow and Pinky. After all it was they who had got Alice into this dreadful fix and they could not rid them-

selves of an awful sense of responsibility which even their joy at being at last *en route* for the stars and captives of Frohmandum and Frohmandee, could not diminish.

"If you would only be reasonable, Alice dear," said Pinky, "and look on the bright side of the picture you would be far happier.

In the first place you belong to Frohmandum and Frohmandee, which in Stageland is the next thing to being in Heaven. Some people have spent a life-time in a futile effort to get just where you are now. And then they

are taking you to the most expensive dramatic tailors in the world. Fitch, Osbin & Co. are unrivalled in their profession and turn out more actresses of the first rank in a year than the gods provide in a Century. Finally you are going to the Stars. In one afternoon you are to reach a height that the Scarecrow and I have n't been able to attain to in years."

"But I don't want to be an actress!" cried Alice.

"Well — you won't be," said Pinky. "Hardly any of 'em are. They may be accused of it, but in nine cases out of ten they can prove an alibi."

"But how can one prove it?" demanded Alice.

"Why you poor simple child, that's the easiest part of all. You'll have a chance to prove it six nights and two matinees a week for forty weeks by just — er — acting," said Pinky. "My friend Dottie Wimbleton who did the Second Mrs. Tanqueray on the Vermont Circuit last season was asked to leave a Christian Endeavor Boarding House up in Maine once because she was an actress. Two days later the landlady came and apologized and asked her to return. She had gone to the theatre and seen Dottie do Mrs. Tanqueray and realized in a minute that she was not an actress at all."

"That's the way of it, Miss," said the Scarecrow. "You won't find it at all disagreeable as long as you don't read what the critics say about your first performances. Just take what your press agent says as gospel truth and you'll be happy."

"But that awful first performance!" moaned Alice. "I just can't do it."

"You don't have to make it, dear," said Pinky comfortingly. "Just send word to the theatre at the last moment that you have lost one of the buttons on the back of your third act and Frohmandum and Frohmandee will put your understudy on. You need n't appear until the second week and by that time by judicious advertising your reputation as the Child Rejane or the Baby Mrs. Kendall will have been made."

The little wanderer's companions were trying to comfort her in this fashion when the airship drew up before the handsome building of Fitch, Osbin and Company, and Frohmandum and Frohmandee gleefully lead their captive to the office of no less a person than the head of the firm himself.

"Morning, Mr. Fitch," said Frohmandum. "Busy to-day?"

"Never too busy to serve you, sir," said the head-partner. "We have thirty-nine comedies to turn out to-night, but from 11.15 to 11.30 I have a free period with my left hand that I can place at your disposal. What can I do for you?"

"Well, Mr. Fitch," said Frohmandum, "we've made a find to-day and

we want you and Mrs. Osbin to put her in shape for a debut at No. 69 of our new chain of theatres in the autumn."

"Where is 69 to be located?" asked the dramatist, eyeing Alice closely, as if taking her measure.

"Hundred and third street and the Boulevard," said Frohmandee. "What's that going to do with it?"

"A good deal, sir," replied Mr. Fitch. "I find that the geographical location of a play-house has a good deal to do with the success of the piece. Take my Major Andre for instance. Nobody on Thirty-fourth street, New York, ever heard that Andre was a spy; they had an idea he was a Swedish aeronaut; consequently the play fell flat. They went to see a man fall from a balloon and not getting it refused to be pacified. If Major Andre had been produced in Boston where they still

read American History, the results would have been far different. Hence it is important to me to know exactly where the first impression is to be made. I will

go to 103rd Street and the Boulevard next Sunday and reconnoiter. My present feeling is that in that locality a dramatization of an eight-roomed flat with one bath and the elevator running all night is about what you'll need, but I shall have to verify the impression before proceeding."

"We had an idea we'd like to put the young lady out as the Child Camille," suggested Frohmandee.

"Ah, I see," said Mr. Fitch dubiously. "You are trying to bring about a renaissance period in the drama."

"That's not it at all," said Frohmandee. "The Child Camille idea is based upon a profound conviction of ours that the public wants something new. It has had men and women with a past, but a child with a past — that would be a distinct novelty. If you don't do it Pinero will."

"Ah, Pinero — yes," said Mr. Fitch. "I fancy maybe there is something in the notion after all. I think I'd like to do something that Pinero might have done and has n't. I will think it over. Take the young lady over to Mrs. Osbin and when she has designed the gownario I'll fill it in with the necessary dialogue at once. You don't want the play before to-morrow, do you?"

"You look a little tired, to-day, old man," observed Frohmandum, as he handed Mr. Fitch a cheque for \$10,000 advance royalties on the play. "I hope you are n't working too hard."

"No," said Mr. Fitch. "That's not it, but I've a devilishly perplexing job on hand. Mrs. Osbin took stock the other day and we found that she had fourteen ball dresses, two riding habits and a shopping suit left over from last season, and I find it very difficult indeed to dramatize them. I can work the shopping suit, the riding habits and two of the ball dresses in, but how the dickens to bring on fourteen of them with real dramatic force is excessively troublesome, unless I work up another scene in a dressmaking establishment. But I've already done that several times. Billie Shakespeare never repeated and I'm hanged if I like to. Good morning, gentlemen. Miss Alice, I am glad to have met you. As soon as I get the gownario I shall go through my note books and give you as much of my most brilliant prattle as the occasion demands."

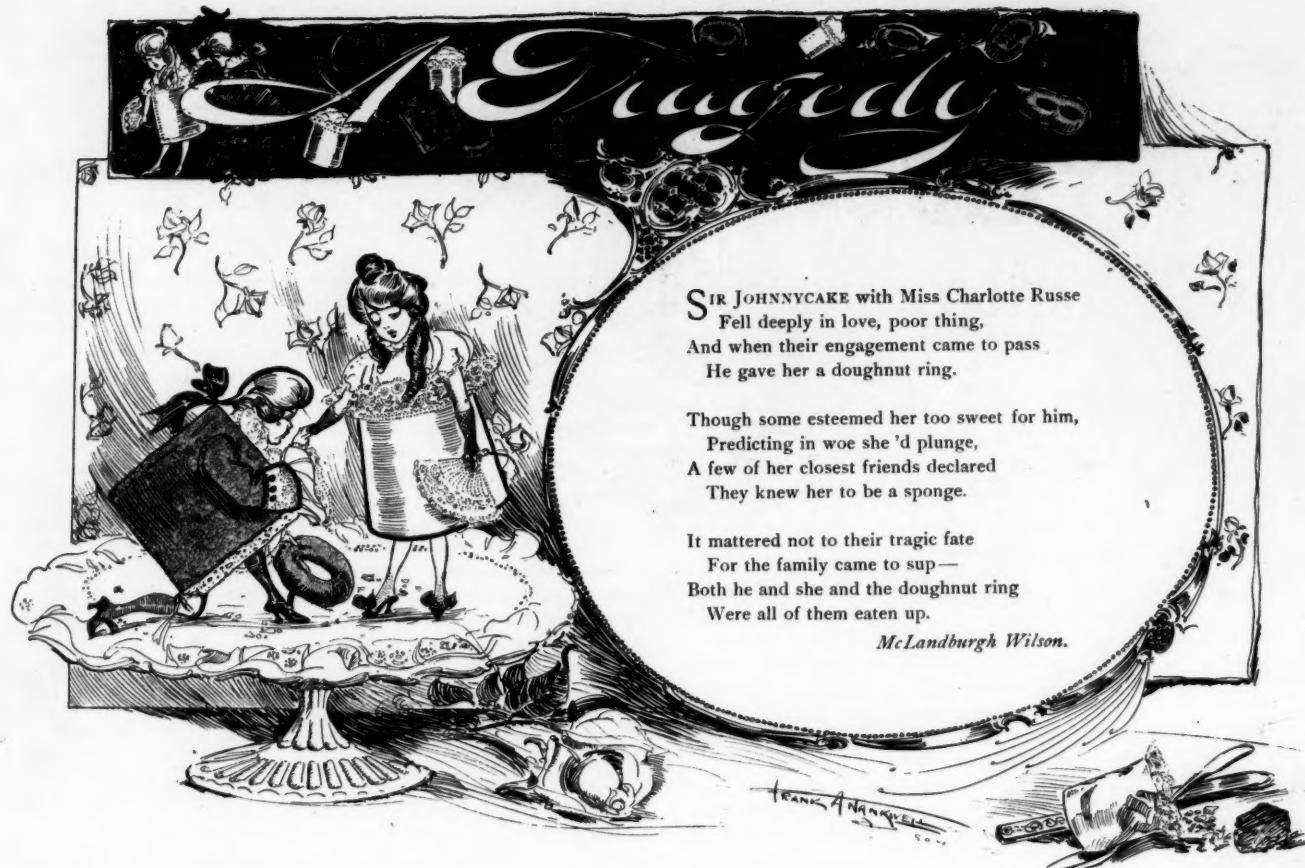
"What is a gownario?" whispered Alice to the Scarecrow, as the party passed into the waiting room on Mrs. Osbin's side of the establishment.

"It's the latest substitute for a scenario," explained the Scarecrow. "In olden times playwrights used to lay out a complete story to show what their plays were about, and what the action was to be, and when it was accepted they'd write up the dialogue to fit. Nowadays they've substituted the gownario for this, which is a description of the costumes which the star is to wear. For instance, a gownario might read like this: First Act, a pink chiffon lawn-party dress. Act two, a riding habit to be followed by a tailor-made street dress. Act three, an orange peignoir with a blue foulard watteau back and real valenciennes lace yoke ornamented with spangles and applique edges in the grape pattern. Last act, a panne velvet opera wrap over an exquisite Irish point lace bal creation cut low in the neck, with open work stockings and red slippers. This is submitted to the star, and when approved by her is turned over to Mr. Fitch who writes his piece accordingly."

"But the plot?" asked the inquisitive Alice. "Who does that?"

"Oh, they leave that to chance," replied the Scarecrow. "Plays don't have to have plots any more. They deal with beautifully gowned problems, and the Acts instead of ending with dramatic situations as they used to, are now governed as to length by the hours Society has set for changing one's





clothes. That's the reason why Actresses don't need to know how to act any more. All they have to do is to walk into a drawing-room, or a garden, or a ball-room and talk and pour tea just as they would in their own homes. All the action required of them is to walk about the stage gracefully so that the audience can take in their own gowns from every possible point of view, and once in a while to pour out a cup of tea, and kiss their husbands or their fiancés, or, if the play requires it, the villain. These are all things for which women have a natural aptitude, which is why the realistic school has been so very successful."

At this point one of the ushers of the gownario room announced that the party would be received in Mrs. Osbin's studio. It was a very sumptuous apartment that now confronted Alice's astonished gaze. At first sight it appeared to be crowded with ladies standing here and there in graceful groups, but closer inspection showed that they were not ladies but lay figures draped with the creations of Mrs. Osbin's genius.

"Looks like a reception in a stage play," Alice whispered to Pinky.

"Yes," replied Pinky. "It is a very brilliant scene—or would be if these figures could only talk."

"Good morning, Madame," said Frohmandum cordially. "We have just seen Mr. Fitch about preparing a sort of Child Camille play for this young lady,"—here he led Alice forward and presented her to Mrs. Osbin. "He thinks well of the idea, and has referred us to you for a gownario."

"Very well," said Mrs. Osbin, pleasantly. "We'll just take her measure and see what we can do."

Alice's measurements were then taken by an assistant and filed away for future reference.

"Now let us go over our stock and see just what we've got on hand," said Mrs. Osbin, rising from her chair, and as she sang the following lines she displayed the models that went with them:

*Oh, this is my pink foulard Camille  
And here is a chiffon Tess—  
They measure up I rather feel  
To the swaggerest things in dress.  
And here is a Magde en brocade,  
With trimmings of gold and gray;  
And here is the swellest thing I've made—  
A taffeta Tanqueray.*

*That thing over there is rather chic—  
An Organdie Iris that—  
You'd almost think you can hear it speak  
Pinero's language pat.  
And standing erect—the dotted Suisse  
Cut bias en casserole,  
Is a gown that goes with the Carmen kiss  
Of an Olga Nethersole.*

*That Liberty Sappho standing there  
Is warranted safe and sane—  
It leaves a good deal of the shoulders bare,  
And would n't go well in Maine,—*

*But the Melisandre—that thing in Voile  
With the ribbons of blue and pink,  
Has been pronounced to be just the stool  
By Campbell and Maeterlinck.*

SIR JOHNNYCAKE with Miss Charlotte Russe  
Fell deeply in love, poor thing,  
And when their engagement came to pass  
He gave her a doughnut ring.

Though some esteemed her too sweet for him,  
Predicting in woe she'd plunge,  
A few of her closest friends declared  
They knew her to be a sponge.

It mattered not to their tragic fate  
For the family came to sup—  
Both he and she and the doughnut ring  
Were all of them eaten up.

*McLandburgh Wilson.*

*My Desdemona in almost wool  
Have met with a great furor,  
And Portia gowned in a dainty mulle  
Has never yet failed to score.  
My Louise Mrs. Ebbesmith goes  
With a rush in the rural towns,  
And the critics weep when Katherine throws  
Her fits in my linen gowns.*

*My Ibsen crepes are most fetching things;  
My Bjornsen roles in net  
Have filled the souls of Queens and Kings  
With envy and regret.  
My Shakespeare heroines clad in duck  
And Rostand girls in pannes,  
Have always played in the best of luck  
With my dimly Sudermanns.*

*So come to me all ye debutantes  
Who're seeking dramatic fame.  
My art will soothe the soul that pants  
For a great and glorious name.  
I'll fix you out with the garments fine  
That will place you amid the buds  
That up in the Milky Way now shine,  
Because of my lustrious duds.*



"Madame," cried the Scarecrow enthusiastically, as Mrs. Osbin finished, "I am yours. I place myself unreservedly in your hands. Make your own terms and I will agree to them whatever they are."

"You?" cried Mrs. Osbin. "I—dress a Scarecrow?"

"Yes ma'am," said the Scarecrow. "That's the proposition. I'll leave it to Frohmandum here if it would n't be a novelty. A panne velvet Scarecrow trimmed with real valenciennes lace, with a watteau back and a straight front, a Maude Muller hat with red slippers slightly decollete—Gee, but would n't people flock to see a Scarecrow like that!"

"Sir," said Mrs. Osbin, "I do not make gowns for men. Leave this place instantly."

"Alas!" moaned the Scarecrow as he walked dejectedly out. "Another chance for Immortality gone!"

"You see, Miss Alice," whispered Pinky, "why it is that there are not so many great actors as there are great actresses these days."

"Yes," said Alice. "Mrs. Osbin won't make clothes for 'em."

"That's it," said Pinky.

"I suppose if she made clothes for Mr. Faversham," Alice began.

"We'd have another Irving," said Pinky, enthusiastically.

Whereupon Frohmandum and Frohmandee selected a series of beautiful gowns for Alice's use, a full description of which was sent to Mr. Fitch, so that he could write his play for her intelligently, and the party boarded the air-ship once more and made for the Milky Way.



## PUCK

### THE VALUE OF IGNORANCE IN ARGUMENT.



BSERVE THAT the writer does not here defend a lack of knowledge as a good *per se*, though a very pretty plea could be advanced to maintain such a theorem. Taking a very minor subdivision of the proposition, he merely desires to point out the advantages to a reasoner of being unfamiliar with a matter under discussion. The first and last rule in debating is to be quite lacking in any definite knowledge of one's subject. Let a fluent speaker be well equipped with ignorance and he will go far. A platitude or an epigram is always swallowed much easier than a dry fact.

Here one's pen falls pat on the pulse of the matter. The plodding reasoner drives his logical ball into the bunker of facts which confronts him—and there it sticks; the imaginative player lofts it over with a beautiful free swing. Facts are so rigid, so utterly unplastic, that they are likely to play the deuce with an argument. The average debater (being hampered with a conscience) no longer keeps an open mind, but allows himself to be biased by them. This is, of course, often fatal to success. Dry, stubborn, irresistible facts have been known to wreck the most beautiful theory.

The dispensing with facts in an argument has an additional merit. Nothing so disgusts an opponent. He grows angry, loses control of himself and is then at your mercy, the while your warm imagination runs riot. It is good for the digestion to watch placidly another man's rage.

So in other lines, not to know the details of one's subject is assuredly a gain. To take a case in point. Any reporter will admit that one can report a lecture with less prejudice if he does not hear it. Suppose a divine about to preach on The Sinfulness of Sin, The Beauty of Holiness, or The Verity of Truth. Knowing the theme, it is much better for an intelligent reporter to stay away and use his imagination. He is not then afflicted by the speaker's mannerisms, the intolerable length of his discourse. He knows what *ought* to be said on the subject. If the speaker does not say it, surely the reporter ought not to be blamed for the lecturer's illogical brain or mental astigmatism.

Once the writer knew a very religious old gentleman who was wont to listen to the preacher's text and then promptly fall into a gentle doze. At the end of the sermon he would return from slumber, and while the collection was being taken would preach to himself a profound discourse on the text. The result was that he was always satisfied with the way the text had been handled and invariably (not knowing that he had been taking absent treatment) congratulated the pastor warmly on his able exposition of the tonic.

Then, too, ignorance is so easily achieved compared with knowledge. The writer has in mind a man who acquired a world-wide reputation on account of a brilliant glacial theory which he exploited. The theory had every merit except one: the facts did not support it. If its discoverer had waited to ascertain the facts the world would have been poorer by a very pretty theory. Also, he would have been poorer by the royalties from a large selling book, plus lecture returns.

Truth, has its merits, no doubt, but like all virtues it should be used with judgment, moderation and discretion. A good warm imaginative fairy tale will usually do the work even though the facts limp a bit.

William M. Raine.



THE REAL THING.

"Are the members of your amateur dramatic club very enthusiastic?"

"Are they! Why, when we presented Hamlet in the next village last week, half the company walked all the way home on the railroad track just to give it a professional flavor."

### FABLE OF THE POTS, CONTINUED.

BUT PRESENTLY the earthen pots discovered that they were a majority, and forthwith enacted a law making it a misdemeanor for iron pots to be hard.

Moreover, although the iron pots employed the best counsel, the courts held the law constitutional.

And they lived happily ever after.

This fable teaches that even the order of creation can not protect the malefactor.

### EASY MONEY.

"There was one good thing at the track yesterday."

"What was it?"

"Cholly."



AUTOMOBILE ALPHONSE.—That man is about to cross the street, my dear Gaston. You shall have the honor of hitting him first.

BICYCLE GASTON.—I beg of you, my dear Alphonse, you hit him first.

AUTOMOBILE ALPHONSE.—My dear Gaston, I insist that you hit him first.

BICYCLE GASTON.—As you love me, my dear Alphonse, I beg you to take the honor of killing him.

Meanwhile the citizen starts across and is killed by a trolley car.



BUSY NOW.

MRS. ELI.—Jumbo! Jumbo—I want you!

MR. ELI.—Yes, my dear. In just a minute, dear. As soon as I've finished watering these geraniums.

**You need n't expect the world to give you much of a show unless you are prepared to pay the price of admission.**

PUCK



J. OTTMAN, LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

NEXT!

PUCK



NEXT!

## PUCK



### UNIQUE.

**S**HE DOES N'T WRITE, nor means to try.  
Temptation comes, she puts it by.  
That she refrains is rather queer:  
Writing would seem her proper sphere.  
Why does she fame and fortune fly?

If so she wished she could outvie  
Ten thousand; and you wonder why,  
Assured of such a bright career,  
She does n't write.

Her friends are literary. I  
Have at her house met men of high  
Repute. They come from far and near,  
And hold her very, very dear.  
What is her charm? Let these reply:  
"She does n't write."

### The Fiction of Place.

The August number of one of the popular magazines possesses the delicate perfume of a Baedeker, the elusive flavor of a gazetteer. Fiction has been brought up to date, and receives as much consideration as timely papers on graft, radium and the absence of pocket-handkerchiefs in Japan. The fiction of Place is at last to have an inning.

The scenes of four of the stories are in the United States, and in these time and place are happily united. Thus the Maine coast—eastern time; the south shore of Lake Superior—central time; the banks of the Yellowstone—mountain time; Santa Barbara—Pacific time. Foreign cities represented are London, Paris, Normandie, Brandenburg, Homburg and Baden-Baden; while, to bridge the old world and the new, there is the deck of a White Star liner.

This is an excellent idea, thoroughly up to date. We are all weary of stories of New York, Chicago, London and Paris, and we gladly welcome Louisville, Mobile, Akron and Silver City.

Some of the stories read as if the authors had replied affirmatively to editorial advices of the following sort: "We shall be glad to accept your story if you will change the scene of it to some other city than Harrisburg, as we are going to do Harrisburg next month." Or, "Your manuscript, 'A Klondike Romance,' is our kind of a story, and we regret that the scene of it is laid in New Orleans. If you could see your way clear to changing, etc." Or, "We already have a Los Angeles story. Can you not make the city Winnepeg, and substitute snowballs for oranges?"

There is a fine editorial opening in magazinedom for an experienced train dispatcher out of a job.

Here are half-a-dozen candidates for admission to our list of the "Hundred Worst Books." "The Sorrows of Satan" (Corelli), "Darrell of the Blessed Isles" (Bacheller), "Dorothy Vernon" (Major), "Rulers of Kings" (Atherton), "The Eternal City" (Caine), "The Sher-roads" (McCutcheon).



Consider the lilies of the literary field.  
They toil not; foolish yarns they spin.  
Yet Solomon in all his glory was not so  
vain as one of these.

"It is the varied tastes of readers that make the relative degrees of good, bad and indifferent in literature," announces one editor. And yet we wonder at the increase of literary crime!

What publisher's fall catalogue are you in?

Bert Leston Taylor.

### JOURNALISM.

**O**UR cables come in skeleton form."  
"Yes?"

"For example, the two-column cable from Tokio which we printed this morning contained in the original only three words and four figures: 'I, 37—Mikado, 2—Ito, 3'. From these data we prepare an article in which our distinguished correspondent at the front mentions himself thirty-seven times, the Mikado twice and Count Ito three times. Of course we don't tell this to everybody. Were people to suspect that we do not in fact pay a dollar a word in cable tolls for every word we print, it would tend to shake their belief that they can't live without newspapers, don't you see?"

"Precisely, precisely."

### TWO KINDS.

"In politics, are n't you?"

"Yes."

"H'm! Are you a point-with-pride or a view-with-alarm?"

**B**ACTERIOLOGY sensibly decides that mosquitoes and rats carry most of the infection. It was certainly wasting its time making out a case against paper money, kisses, and Van Dyke whiskers.



### FASCINATION.

MIKE.—But phat good is thot parrot if he won't talk?

PAT.—Sure, it's th' fun Oi git out av him. Oi often sit for hours thinkin' phat th' divvle th' divvle is thinkin' about!

### PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

Apollyon had taken the stump in person. He was pointing out the unexampled prosperity and urging the people to let well enough alone.

"I am up against it," said Great Heart, to himself.

But as he pondered over his desperate situation, he met Sore Head, who was filling the air with many kinds of fierce talk.

"Let us," said Great Heart, "join our forces."

"Very well," said Sore Head.

This union of Great Heart and Sore Head they called Fusion, and wrought mighty things with it, especially in the off-years.

### NAVAL OPERATIONS.

**A**SURPLUS is the enemy of trade. Our navy, hence, goes after it, and makes it look like 37 cents.

### HIS NOT TO MAKE REPLY.

**H**ENPECK does n't cut much of a figure at home."

"No, indeed. He has no more to say than a Presidential elector."

**A**blessing is never more blessed, albeit never more heavily disguised, than in the form of the editor who blue-pencils a good writer's bad stuff.



**T**WO CANDIDATES who honors shared  
Unto the Sibyl straightway fared,  
They paid their money in advance,  
Which threw the lady in a trance.

Said Mr. R.  
And Mr. P.  
In unison,  
"She'll mention Me."

"This year's victorious Candidate  
Will come," she said, "from New York State,  
A man whose swelling muscles rise  
From healthful outdoor exercise—"

Said Mr. R.  
And Mr. P.  
"How well she is  
Describing Me!"

#### FORECASTS.

"His face is rather stout than thin,  
A brown moustache and square cut chin,  
An eye whose piercing ray reveals  
The growing strength of his Ideals—"

Said Mr. R.  
And Mr. P.  
In unison,  
"Precisely Me!"

"The coming President will be  
An active man of familee  
Who well deserves a Nation's praise  
Because of his domestic ways—"

Said Mr. R.  
To Mr. P.  
With modest blush,  
"How nice of Me!"

"Now, gentlemen, if you will wait,  
I'll call the losing Candidate  
Who's destined to be left behind  
Through certain qualities of mind—"

Upstage the Two  
As they withdrew,  
"This part, of course,  
Refers to You."

Wallace Irwin.



#### POT-BOILERS.

**T**HE FIRES of genius can't be depended on for cooking. In the meanwhile, *bouche va toujours*. Hence, the pot-boiler. The pot-boiler *par excellence* is a thing of pictorial art. But MS. burns only less fiercely than paint.

Pot-boilers are more or less looked down on, owing to the prejudice of fine natures against biled vittles. Moreover, in our time, when tinned beans can be prepared in a moment or so, and breakfast foods are as ready to eat as they will ever be, there is n't the excuse for pot-boilers that there was for the old masters.

A watched pot never boils. Thus, either in painting or poetry, it is the free, unpremeditated stroke that is financially effective.

The number of pot-boilers produced in the United States seems to negative the claim that Americans will have everything fried.

#### THOUGHT HE COULD, BUT HE COULD N'T.

**S**AID THE Czar: "Since this war must begin,  
We must find us a general to win,  
And if there is a chap  
Who can lick the poor Jap,  
I'm convinced that our Kuropat-kin."

But the Japs, with their small eyes aslant,  
Made him run 'till at last he did pant:  
"I could whip 'em, you see,  
If they'd quit whipping me,  
But they won't, so your Kuropat-kan't!"

Herbert Randolph Galt.

#### HOW IT WORKS.

**K**NICKER.—Some say that alcohol is a food.

**BOCKER.**—Then instead of a square meal you get a zig-zag one.



#### NOVEL AND NECESSARY.

**THE STENOPHAGER.**—Is that new lunch-room in the basement any different from the others around here?

**THE JANITOR'S ASSISTANT.**—Betcher it is. They're presentin' each customer with a pepsin tablet.



#### DOUBTLESS.

"So you are off for London, eh? Well, I can give you a letter of introduction to either Lord Borrowwitt or Lord Throwdowne."  
"Oh, either one will do me, old chap."

#### MODERN HEROISM.

"**I**N THE rambunctious days of Chivalry," said the Old Codger, with his customary acridity, "men jostled in the tourney, if anybody knows what that means; went pirootin' off across the map in search of the Holy Grail, if anybody has any notion what that was; or fought the haughty Saracen, or some such a feller, in far-off Palestine; and did other equally as spectacular and flambouyant things, to show their laydies faire that they were gallant, and all that. But, in the—some think 'em sensible, and others call 'em degenerate—days of the present, there bein' no great number of lions to kill, duels havin' become unlawful, and nose-pullin' gone entirely out of fashion, about the only way that a man can show a woman that he is a hero is for him to propose to her."

#### OBVIOUS.

**L**ITTLE Bo-PEEP had lost her sheep.  
"Have you thought," they asked her, "of looking in your New York safe for them?"  
Perceiving the simplicity of the scheme, she hastened to be in style.

**S**OMEHOW it seems that when the Future holds out a promise it plays it against us in the next deal.

# Evans' Ale

If you want the best,  
you want Evans'.  
If you get Evans'  
you get the best.

That's Ale logic.



# Pears'

Pears' Soap is the great alchemist. Women are made fair by its use.

Sold continuously since 1789.



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Puck's Library No. 207

entitled

# JOLTS

Brimful of fun from cover to cover  
Over seventy illustrations by the best

## COMIC ARTISTS

Price 10 cents per copy.  
All newsdealers, or by mail from the  
publishers on receipt of price

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**OPIUM** and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured.  
Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. I. 1., Lebanon, Ohio.

# WILSON WHISKEY

## THAT'S ALL!

The Prince of Wales is going in for horse racing. Quite right. Like Pop like Kid.

\*  
Which would you rather get when anyone is looking? Your pay envelope fat with small bills or thin with big bills?

\*  
Tsi Hsi, the dowager empress of China, has issued an imperial edict against grafting in the Flowery Kingdom. And grafting among flowers is so natural, too!

\*  
It is announced by the Hon. Mr. Schwab that he will make the Bethlehem Steel Works the greatest armor plant and gun factory in the world. If that is the case, bearing the ship trust in mind, would it not be advisable to move the whole business to Watertown, N. Y., Waterbury, Conn. or Water Mill, L. I.?



MAKING A CLEARING.

FIRST MOSQUITO.—Come, Bill, an' bring yer scythe. We'll have to cut these weeds before we kin do any borin' here.

Each returning season—every season of the year—brings demand for Abbott's Angostura Bitters—the best blood and nerve renewer.

Mr. Jerome, back from his vacation, talked about sun dials. Last fall, it was clocks. Now it is sun dials. Next, the notched candle.

\*  
There are occasional outcroppings of a tramps' union. It is safe to assume, however, that the loafing day will never be limited to eight hours.

\*  
Hans, the German horse, can count up to one hundred, has an eye for color, an ear for music and can spell words of one syllable. Here is a chance to get rid of another Rhodes scholarship.

\*  
A minister at Old Orchard, Me., collected \$44,000 at the Sunday afternoon service. If he is not satisfied with his church job, it is certain he could make an engagement with Mr. Bliss or Mr. Peabody.—*Washington Post*.

Or, if politics be loathsome, there is a junior partnership in the house of J. Pierrepont.

"Ornatus et Bonitas."



Correct Hats for Men.

## Fall Styles Now On Sale.

New York. Chicago.  
Philadelphia.

And Accredited Agencies In All Principal Cities of the World.

HENRY LINDEMAYER & SONS,  
PAPER WAREHOUSE,

22, 24 and 26 Bleeker Street.  
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Bookman Street, NEW YORK  
All kinds of Paper made to order.

AGENTS EARN  
\$75 to \$250  
a Month Selling  
**NOVELTY KNIVES** with  
Roosevelt & Fairbanks and Parker & Davis Pictures,  
also your name, address, photo, lodge emblem, etc., underneath handles.  
Style III (like cut) 3½ in long, 2 blades,  
finely tempered razor steel, \$1.00. Cat. shows many styles.  
Send 3c stamp for great Special Offer to Agents.  
Big profits—good commission paid. Exclusive territory.  
NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 10 Bar Street, Canton, Ohio.

## Don't Be Too Late

How often does the examining doctor have to say to applicants for life insurance: "If you had applied a year ago you would have passed. Don't you be late."

Shall we send you some literature?  
PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.,  
PHILADELPHIA.

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is fast becoming  
the wine-making country  
of the world—

## GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE

—the only Gold Medal winning American Champagne at the Paris Exposition—is aiding materially in making this possible, by its purity, perfection, and popularity. The equal of imported in quality, yet less than half the price:

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.,  
Sole Makers, —————— Rhine, N. Y.  
Sold by all Respectable Wine Dealers.

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# IT IS SAFE



LOOK  
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for the  
SAFETY  
LEVER

The hammer  
cannot hit the  
firing pin or  
the cartridge.  
When you pull  
the trigger  
(only) this  
lever rises and  
carries the  
blow to the  
firing pin.

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## IVER JOHNSON

### REVOLVERS

are made for your protection—in every way. The "Iver Johnson" is the original safety revolver, and the only one with a safety mechanism worthy the name.

Hammer, \$5.00; Hammerless, \$5.00. For sale by all Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers. Learn about them anyway—it costs you nothing. If you will ask for it, we will gladly send you our bright little booklet, "Shots," together with our handsome catalogues.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS, FITCHBURG, MASS.

So long as Theodore simply won't, why not let Jake swing round the circle?

We read in the sporting columns of Yacht Contests at Rye. To be sure. Also, Scotch.

Russia, it is announced, is to float a new loan. A sinking fund would seem to be more appropriate, but still—

Kuropatkin has hopes that the birth of the Czarevitch will soon lead to victory. Undoubtedly, Pat, or to another masterly retreat.

The date of the fall opening in South American revolutions has yet to be set, but there are plenty of signs that it will be a good, brisk season.

You may hold hands at Atlantic City, but you may not kiss promiscuously. This from the Mayor. Why not revert to a former courtly custom and kiss hands?

Any fingers of scorn, now out of employment, may obtain work at "pointing with pride" by applying to the Republican National Committee. Disengaged fingers in the pie are also desired.

A Michigan town is credited with being the birth-place of a boy baby with two tongues. A boy baby with two tongues! What's the use? — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Oh, come now! Suppose it had been four lungs.

## THE Keeley Cure

### for Liquor and Drug Using

A scientific remedy which has been skilfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 25 years.

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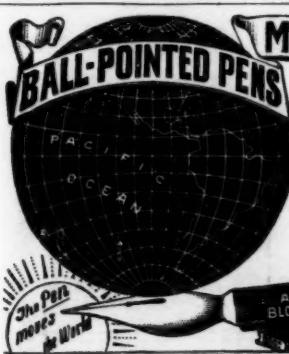
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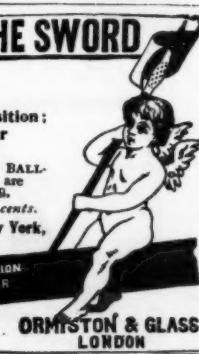
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glide over any paper; never  
scratch nor spurt.  
Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-  
POINTED Pens are **indestructible** and are  
ahead of all others FOR EASY WRITING.  
Assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 cents.  
H. Bainbridge & Co., 99 William St., New York,  
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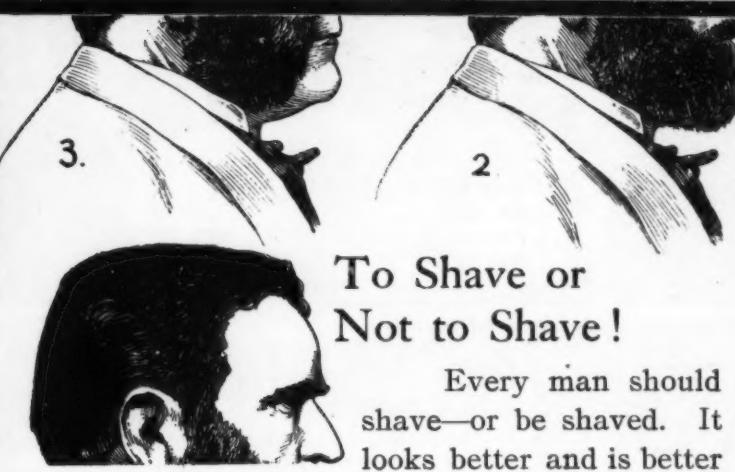
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—and take it easy, as you can do by wearing the "Lightweight" PRESIDENT SUSPENDER—two ounces.

Any store 50c and \$1.00 or postpaid for choicest patterns.  
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## WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



### To Shave or Not to Shave!

Every man should shave—or be shaved. It looks better and is better  
1. for the health—so the doctors say. But in  
order to shave with ease, comfort and safety,  
there's only one soap and that's Williams' Shaving Soap. Unless you use that, it's better not to shave.

*Here is one of the greatest generals the world has ever known, who as long as he shaved, always used Williams' Shaving Soap.*

*Cut out and unite Figures 1 and 3, and they show him shaved as he appeared during his second term as president of the United States. Figures 1 and 2 united, show him with a full beard.*

### OUR OFFER

To any one sending us the correct name of this famous General, with a 2-cent stamp to cover cost of mailing, we will forward, post-paid, a most useful and ingenious pocket tool, called the *Triplet*, a key-ring, letter-opener, paper-cutter and screw-driver combined, and an article that every man and boy will find many uses for every day.

Williams' Shaving Sticks, Shaving Tablets, Toilet Waters, Talcum Powder, etc., sold everywhere.

Write for Free Booklet, "How to Shave."

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. 8, Glastonbury, Conn.

## BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.



### EXPLAINED.

Said the bird: "When a scare-crow I saw,  
I derisively chortled, Caw-Caw!"

But 'twas only because  
Of the adamant laws  
That prevented my saying Haw-Haw!"

Abbott's Angostura Bitters has the call wherever  
an effective tonic for a run-down system is needed;  
builds up flesh and nerve tissue. Druggists.

#### THE MENTAL CANDIDATE.

CONCORD, N. H. (Special.) The first national convention of the Christian Scientist party assembled here to-day to put a Presidential ticket in the field. Amid much enthusiasm Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy was nominated by acclamation for President. Nominations for Vice-President were declared out of order on account of Mrs. Eddy's immunity to death and sickness.

A resolution presented by Professor Heeler of Kalamazoo to the effect that the Presidency should be a life office was unanimously adopted.

The formal platform follows: "We, the Christian Scientists of the United States in convention assembled, do reaffirm those glorious principles contained in Science and Health, price \$2.70 in cloth binding, and state our unalterable belief that there is no such thing as matter. Mind is all and in all. Regarding the money question we take the broad and liberal ground that all kinds are good, and the more the better. We especially call upon the Secretary of the Treasury to print more ten-dollar bills and to give them a wider distribution. We earnestly exhort the Christian Scientists of the country to join us in our great work of thinking our noble candidate into the White House. To one and all we say: Think, and think hard! Think morning, noon and night! Our plan of campaign is simple: Make the American people think that Mrs. Eddy is President and she will be. Mind will win."

It is rumored here that in the event of Mrs. Eddy's election she will continue to reside in Concord, administering affairs at Washington by means of the absent treatment.

Mrs. Thomas Taggart, wife of the Democratic chairman, has pronounced views against the publication of pictures of public men's wives in the newspapers. No newspaper, she says, will ever have her picture for publication. That will not prevent, however, the publication of some one else's picture with her name under it.

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**COOK'S**  
**CHAMPAGNE Imperial Extra dry**  
SERVED EVERYWHERE

FOR GOUT & RHEUMATISM  
Use the Great English Remedy  
**BLAIR'S PILLS**  
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1.  
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Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

#### Tom Sawyer

Innocents Abroad  
Vol. I.

Innocents Abroad  
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Pudd'nhead Wilson

Roughing It  
Vol. I.

Roughing It  
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## MARK TWAIN'S Six Funniest Books

With Illustrations by E. W. Kemble, Peter Newell, B. West Clineinst, and J. G. Brown

Of all the books of the great humorist these are the ones that have made his name a household word wherever the English language is spoken.

Their Fun Is Immortal

They Are Worth Reading Twice

This is the first time that these volumes have been put within the reach of any but the rich and published in a uniform, low-priced set.

**Our Offer** We will send you the entire set of six volumes, charges prepaid, on receipt of \$1.00. If you do not like the books when they reach you, send them back at our expense, and we will return the \$1.00. If you do like them, send us \$1.00 every month for 11 months. In order to keep you in touch with us during these months, on receipt of your request for these books we will enter you as a subscriber for one year, without additional cost to you, for either HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, or THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. In writing, state which periodical you want.

Harper & Brothers, Publishers, Franklin Square, New York City.

Bilkins who knows a thing or two always refers to Moonlight as Spoonlight.

\*  
It begins to look a little like Woodruff of the Splendid Vests for Governor of New York. Teddy and Timmie will make a great campaign cry.

\*  
If it is as difficult as reported for Russian battleships to obtain fuel in the far East, how would it do to use some of those coals of fire which Japan, according to dispatches, is continually heaping on Russia's head?

\*  
Mr. Hearst in one of his evening moods suggests that the Russian Tzarevitch is a changeling. We must confess that it looks that way. Our correspondent at the christening writes us that at the moment of his baptism young Alexis yelled like an ordinary infant — an exceedingly suspicious circumstance.

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A pike in the boat is worth two in the drink.  
All reel and no play, a big bass will get away.  
A fish liar is not believed when he speaks the truth.  
A fool and his fish are soon parted.  
An ounce of angle worms is better than a pound of pork.  
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B. L. T.

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"We Populists! Rats!!  
Let's have done with quibbles—  
We're both Tommyerats."

"Now let us go forth,"  
Says Tibbles to Watson,  
"East, West, South and North,  
And preach Tommy rot, son."

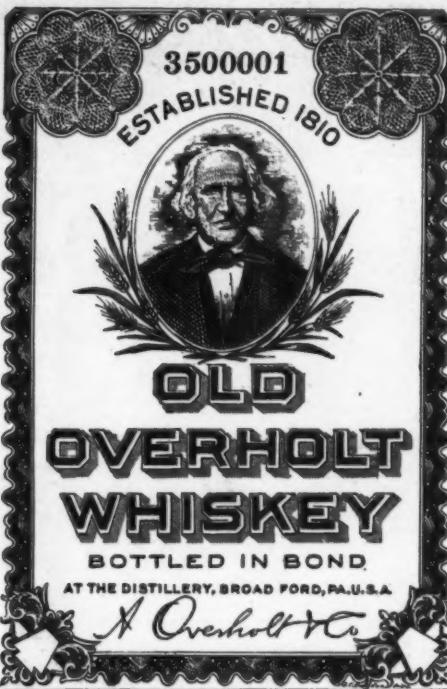
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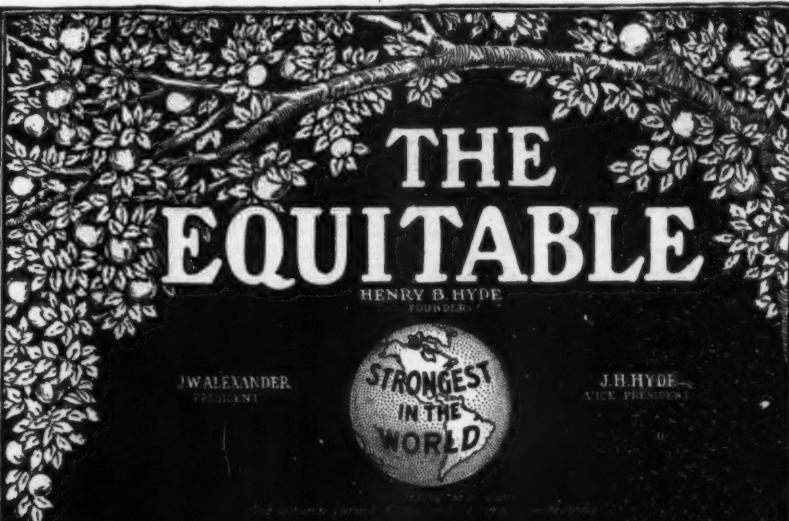
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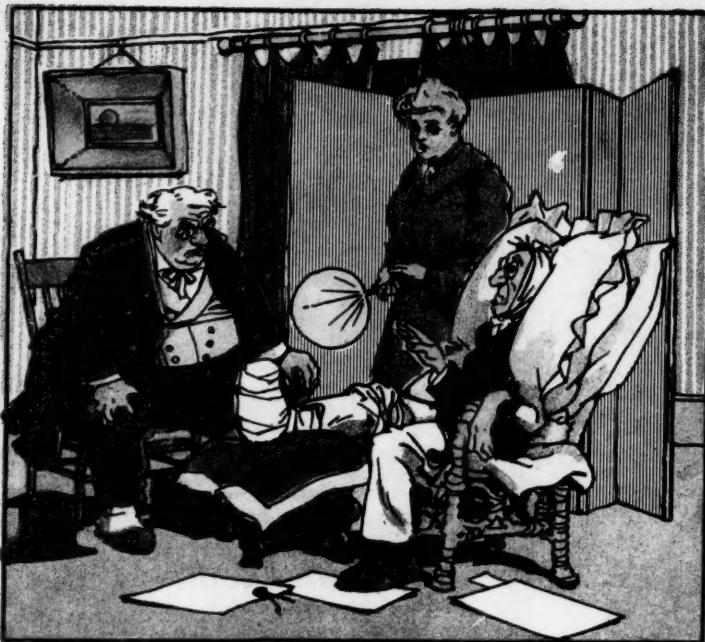
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I.  
THE DOCTOR.—Rheumatism, eh? How'd you get it? Capsized, while sailing by my advice! My dear Judge, do you use your brains in Law only? Try some sport that requires no thought. Automobiling, say.



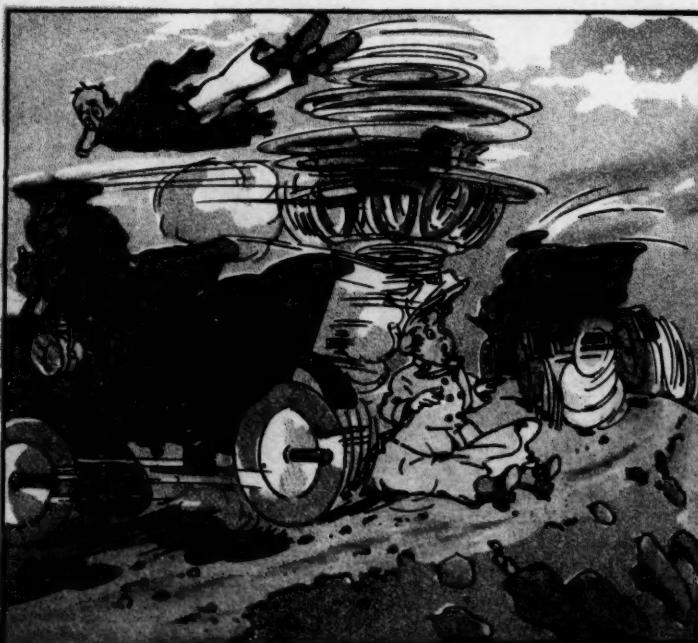
II.  
MRS. PULPY.—Now, Abner, the pamphlet says, When tooling along—now, is n't that a fashionable expression?—at a fair speed, and on rounding a turn, one meets with an—



III.  
"Unforeseen obstacle—really, that's rather vague—reverse the lever instantly—"



IV.  
"Then, applying the footbrake, come to a—"



V.  
"Stop."



VI.  
"After all, Abner, walking is nature's own exercise."